LIFE FORMS

Transmission One

For those who heard the signal —
even if only for a moment.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS CYCLE
Volume 1 of 10

Life Forms - Transmission One

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For Lidia,
who was the first life form
with whom I could truly speak of this.
When the signal arrived,
I was not alone.

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If You Still Hear It

Before the Signal Fell

No one expected anything.
It was an ordinary day — no better and no worse than any other.
A day in which people did what they always did:
returned, worked, postponed, shifted, pretended that everything was in its place.

No one felt any great change.
Only a slight, quiet exhaustion, so constant for so many years
that it stopped surprising anyone.
Half-feelings, half-thoughts, half-life — though no one used that word.
It was simply functioning.
As if the world were slowly turning into a machine,
and people into its small, replaceable parts.

There was no sign.
No warning.
No silence falling, no trembling of the ground, no dimming of light.

Everything continued as if tomorrow were destined
to be identical to yesterday.

And then — simply — in a certain second
no one had time to count or name,
something reached the inside of every living human head.

Not a sound.
Not a word.
Not a thought.

Something in between.

Something that did not come from outside,
and yet was not in any of us.

That was how it began —
the thing no one could describe.
And that was how it began —
the thing many never wanted to admit.

There was no flash.
There was no sign in the sky.

There was only an impulse,
spreading in silence,
as if from a place no one could point to.

Something foreign.
Something alive.
Something that had come from so far away
it might no longer exist itself.

And yet it arrived.
To everyone.
Though not everyone heard it.

PART I — THE SIGNAL

The Moment When Everything Was Quiet

Nothing special happened then.
I was sitting as usual, in the same position I've taken for years,
not even thinking about it.
Hands somewhere on the table, thoughts scattered,
the body half-present.

It was a day no different from any other —
the same breath, the same light, the same weight
carried inside without even trying to name it.

And then something happened
that I cannot describe with any word I know.

First, there was silence.
But not the ordinary kind,
not the kind that appears when all sounds fade.
Rather a silence that covers what lies beneath.
As if someone had placed a layer of invisible air
between me and the world.

In that silence, something else appeared —
an impulse that did not come from outside.
I didn't feel it in my ears.
I felt it inside.
In a place I had never known before.

At first delicate.
Then more distinct.

Like a touch without a source.

And then I heard it for the first time:

```
sz…
 szsz…
 —pi…
```

A short, nervous squeal that wasn't a sound.
I don't know how to explain it.
It was like…
as if a thought had been cut in half
and someone tried to stitch it back together
in a language I didn't know.

And before I could do anything,
the impulse passed straight through the center of my mind —
not like information,
not like a warning,
not like something one could repeat.

It was something alive.

And then, without voice,
without tone,
without accent,
without any form I could call speech,
I felt a sentence that was never spoken:

“the shore… of life… do not lose…”

I didn’t understand it.
But I knew it meant something.
Something larger than me.
Larger than the day I was sitting at the table.
Larger than all the sounds
with which a person tries to cover their own silence.

I turned my head.
Nothing had changed.
Everything was the same as a minute before.

Only I was no longer the same.

Something had touched me.
Something that was not human.
Something without a body.
Something that should not have reached here.
Something that perhaps no longer even exists.

But it reached me.

And from that moment
I could no longer return
to who I had been before —
even if I very much wanted to.

You Were There Too

You remember it as well.
Maybe not clearly, maybe not fully,
but something in you trembled that day,
even if you try to call it something else.

It was a moment you couldn't explain.
A second no one noticed except you.
A small fracture in the middle of your thoughts,
so subtle you could have dismissed it as nothing —
and yet you still remember it,
though you pretend you don't.

You didn't have to hear it clearly.
Not everyone did.
Not everyone understood
that it wasn't a sound.

You felt something else:
that for a moment the world
was shifted a millimeter away from you,
as if someone had swapped the air around you for an instant,
as if you slipped out of your own routine
and looked at it from the outside.

It lasted so briefly
you could have taken it for coincidence.

But it wasn't coincidence.

There was something recognizable in it,
like an echo that shouldn't exist,
like an impulse from a place without a name,
like the touch of something that isn't human
yet can reach deeper than human words.

Maybe it was the moment you suddenly stopped.
Maybe you stopped listening to your own thoughts
for half a second.
Maybe something inside became clear,
though you couldn't have repeated it to anyone.

Maybe you felt:

```
sz…
 szsz…
 —pi…ii—
```

and ignored it
because you didn't know what to do with it.

You are not alone in this.
You never were.

Though most people stay silent,
though many are ashamed to speak of it,
though some forgot that second the very next day,
there are others like you
who felt the same,
even though no one told them.

You don't need to understand the signal
to know it wasn't a hallucination.
You don't need to remember it fully
to know it didn't come from here.

You were there too.
And that is more important than anything else.

Because if you heard even an echo,
even a single broken fragment,
even the static between thoughts,
it means the signal found its way
to you as well.

And that something in you
has begun to awaken.

Those Who Ignored

They said they heard nothing.
That it was just a normal sound from inside the head.
That such things happen to everyone —
sometimes from tension,
sometimes from fatigue,
sometimes from stress,
sometimes “just because.”

They explained it too easily.
As if trying to slam shut a cabinet
from which something keeps falling out.

When asked, they lifted their shoulders.
They remembered nothing.
Or pretended they didn’t.

Some were afraid to admit
that they felt an impulse.
They sensed that if they spoke it aloud,
it would become something
they could not carry.

And a person endures ignorance
more easily
than the weight of an answer
that changes the world.

There were also those
who heard a fragment,
but treated it like a system error,
like a crackle in a phone,
like a brief migraine,
like an insignificant interruption
in the everyday noise.

szsz…
sz…
–pi–

That fragment of the signal —
if it reached them at all —
fell apart in their consciousness
faster than they realised
that anything had happened.

Some assumed it was an echo
from a television in the next room.
Others, that it was the sound
of a passing car.
Others still, that it was
just “pressure in the ear.”

People like simple explanations.
Simple explanations are easier to trust.
They are comfortable.
They fit the world
they already know.

And yet — despite their certainty,
despite their logical sentences,
despite their calm faces —
something in them trembled
for a moment.

Unwanted,
misunderstood,
swept under the rug
faster than it could take shape.

They forgot the quickest.
Just as a person forgets dreams
that are too real.

But forgetting does not mean
nothing happened.

Because even in those
who ignored the signal,
for a fraction of a second
something appeared
they could not name.

And that is enough.

Sometimes a single tremor of awareness
changes a person
more than all their decisions combined.

“alive…
…shore…
do not…
lose…”

The signal passed through them,
not staying long —
but leaving behind something
that could return
only after some time.

PART II — THE ECHOES

The First Echoes

After the signal, everything should have gone back to normal.
At least that's what I thought.
The world hadn't changed in any visible way.
No one screamed, no one ran,
no one spoke of anything unusual.

And yet something in the air was different,
though I couldn't point to what it was.

In the evening I felt something shifting inside me.
As if my thoughts weren't returning to their places.
As if the space between them
was wider than before.

And then the first echo came:

```
szsz…
 —pi…
 …sz—
```

From nowhere.
For no reason.
As if the signal had bounced off my consciousness once more,
even though it should have vanished long ago.

They said they had had a rough night.
That they dreamed of something
but couldn't remember what.

That they woke suddenly, without cause,
as if something nudged them from within.

Some felt a sudden chill along their back.
Others, the sensation of someone calling their name.
Some had the impression that while thinking,
they could hear their own thoughts “under an echo.”

And there were those who felt nothing at all —
but their gaze, for a moment, was absent,
as if the signal of life had slipped from behind their eyes.

The human brain is good at pretending
that nothing has changed.
But the body knows better.

You felt it too.
Maybe not in the same way — maybe differently —
maybe it was just a sudden sting of unease,
as if someone were watching you,
though no one was there.

Maybe it was the moment you stopped mid-sentence
and forgot what you meant to say —
not like an ordinary pause,
but like something being pulled from deep within.

Maybe there was a coldness in the center of your chest,
as if something shifted toward the light
but did not rise to the surface.

Maybe you brushed against that echo
and dismissed it as nothing.

And yet you remember that microsecond.

One woman said
she woke in the middle of the night
thinking someone had whispered to her.

Not a word.
Not a sentence.
Just a rhythm.

szszsz…
sz…

She thought it was the fridge.
Or the wind.
Or her own heartbeat.

But a heart does not sound like that.

Strange moments began to appear —
in which ordinary things seemed… detached.
As if they were too loud.
Too sharp.
Too “here.”

The world seemed half a centimeter farther away,
and a person — half a centimeter closer to themselves.

These were the first echoes.
Subtle.
Blurred.
Not enough to change someone’s life,
but enough for something inside to crack
and not mend the way it was before.

Because the signal had not disappeared.
It had only pulled back.

And waited —
for someone
to begin listening.

The Battle of Thoughts: The Beginning

At first I thought it would pass.
That it was just a strange moment, an overload,
an impulse that appeared — and would vanish
if I simply stopped noticing it.

That's how it usually is
with things we don't understand.
The brain tries to push them away.
Drown them out with something familiar.
Translate them into its own language,
even when that language does not fit
what actually happened.

But the more I tried not to think about the signal,
the more I felt it inside me.

Not as something foreign.
Rather like a shadow
moving along with me,
touching the edges of my awareness
only occasionally,
only gently.

At a certain point
I felt I was beginning to hear my own thoughts
with a delay.

As if someone were routing them
through another frequency.

A thought would appear,
but before I could grasp it,
it shifted half a step away.

As if my mind and I
were in two places at once.

And then,
in the middle of an ordinary day,
without any warning,
I heard this:

```
sz…
 szsz…
 —piii—

 “rdzeń…”
```

A word that wasn’t a word.
A sound that wasn’t a sound.
And yet I knew it was about me.

Not about humanity.
About me.

It was the first moment I felt
that I was not merely a receiver,
but a part of something larger.

As if the signal were trying
to adjust itself to the inside of my mind,
searching for a place
where it could anchor.

But I pressed the brake.
I wanted it to stop.

And then the battle began —
softly at first, barely noticeable.

Rational voice:
It's nothing. Just tension. Fatigue. A sound of imagination.

Instinct:
That wasn't tension. You know it was something else.

Fear:
If you think about this, you won't return to normal.

The signal:

```
“…alive in you…
…contracting…”
szsz—
```

Denial:
You’re imagining things. Stop. Stop before you start believing.

Curiosity:
But what if…?

Exhaustion:
I just want everything to be like before.

The voice with no owner:

```
“the shore…
 do not give it away…”
```

These thoughts began to rub against each other.
Not fight — rub.
Like two currents flowing in opposite directions,
but not yet forming a storm.

That was the beginning.
The first fracture.
The first moment I understood
that this would not end on its own
if I kept running from it.

Because the signal did not want to disappear.
The signal wanted to be understood.

And I —
I was not yet ready to listen.

Who Else Hears It?

At first I thought I was alone.
That it was something mine, private,
something that happened inside my head
and shouldn't go outside,
because people don't like when someone talks about things
that cannot be proven.

But then, by accident, in an ordinary conversation,
someone said a sentence that stopped my breath.

"*Have you ever had the feeling that... something inside you was trying to call you?"*
But without a voice?

He said it casually.
Without expectation.
Without context.

A moment of silence fell.
Too long for a normal exchange of words.

And that was the first fracture
between me and the world.
The first confirmation
that the signal was not only mine.

Later came the internet.
Without sensation.
Without drama.
Just small fragments
that began to arrange themselves into something larger.

An anonymous post
on a place no one visits:

"Has anyone had the feeling like... something was buzzing inside your head?
Not a sound. Something like... I don't know.
szszsz... or pi..."

First reply:
"Yes."

Second:
"I thought something was wrong with me."

Third:
"It wasn't a sound."

A few hours later
the thread disappeared.
Deleted.
Or reported.
Or someone got scared and removed it.

But that didn't matter.
It was enough that it existed.

There were also those short glances —
the ones where two people stop, for a moment,
pretending that everything around them is normal.

In a store.
On a bus.
In a stairwell.
At work.

Glances that said:
"You felt it too, didn't you?"
Even though no one spoke those words aloud.

There was also a message
from someone I didn't even know:

"I had a dream.
Someone was whispering.
I can't say what.
But I woke up with the feeling
that it wasn't a dream."

And then:
"sz...
szsz..."

I didn’t ask for details.
I didn’t need to.
We understood each other without definitions.

It wasn’t a community.
Not a group.
Not a movement.

They were islands —
individual people drifting
on the oceans of their own thoughts.

But on those islands
small lights were beginning to appear.
One here.
Another farther away.
A third somewhere on the other side of the world.

People who should never have crossed paths
began to say the same words,
even though each of them
heard the signal differently.

It wasn’t illumination.
Not awakening.
Not revelation.

It was recognition.

As if the signal had left something inside us
that was now beginning
to find itself in others.

And then, one day,
between thoughts,
an impulse appeared —
shorter than a blink,
barely noticeable.

```
sz…
 “…you are not alone…”
```

Maybe it was just my imagination.
But maybe not.

PART III — THE BATTLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Half-Alive, Though No One Notices

You see it too,
though you rarely admit it.
The people around you aren't dead,
but they aren't fully alive either.

As if they were functioning
according to some internal protocol
that no one ever wrote,
and yet everyone follows.

They wake up, eat, commute, do, return.
They talk, but they don't listen.
They look, but they don't see.
They think, but they don't feel.

From the outside they seem fine.
Up close too.
But when you look into their eyes,
sometimes you see something
no one wants to name aloud:

half-life.

It's a strange state.
As if a person were switched on,
but not fully present.

As if the functions were running,
but something fundamental
was turned off —
like a light in a room
that illuminates everything
except its own corners.

You were there too.
Maybe you're still there,
just a little less so.

Before the signal reached
the inside of your head,
you were one of those parts of the world
that perform movements
but rarely ask about the meaning
of their own existence.

Not because you didn't care.
Life simply arranged itself that way.

And for a while,
you thought it was normal.
That everyone lived like this.
That this was how it had to be.

But the signal did something
you did not expect:

It illuminated that half-life
from the inside.

As if someone, for one second,
shined a flashlight into a corner
no one had ever noticed before.

And that was the moment
something in you began to break —
not destructively,
not painfully,
but like a shell
beginning to let the light through.

From that moment on,
you began to notice things
you never saw before:

That people answer automatically.
That their words travel beside their thoughts.
That their emotions have no source.
That their gaze is like a screen left on —
bright, but reflecting nothing.

Maybe it's brutal,
but it's true:

Many people on Earth
are not living.
They are only continuing.

And the signal…
the signal struck precisely
the part of a human being
that can still tell the difference
between living and merely continuing.

Maybe that's why you felt unease.
Maybe that's why you began searching.
Maybe that's why every new modulation
lands deeper than the previous one.

szsz…
sz…
—piii—
"…life… shore…"

It wasn't a warning.
It was a reminder.

A reminder that a human being
is not a machine.
That life is not just a function.

That if you forget the light inside,
then sooner or later
all that remains is the form —
and a form without life
cannot outlast even its own shadow.

You could have ended up like that too.
Many people do,
without ever noticing when.
But the signal did something
no one would have expected:

It touched the place in you
where something was still alive.
Something you couldn't name,
because no one ever taught you
to speak in that language.

This is the place
where the battle begins.

Not with the world.
Not with other people.
But with yourself.

Because half-life was comfortable.
Life — never is.

The Thoughts Fighting for the Shore

I don’t know when it began.
Not in one moment,
not in one second,
not in one impulse.

It was a slow wave.
At first gentle,
almost unnoticeable —
as if someone touched
the inside of my awareness
just to check
whether I was really
where I believed I was.

But then came the second wave.
And the third.
Each stronger, each clearer.
At some point I felt
that my thoughts were no longer
where they should be.

As if someone had shifted them
by a few millimeters
before I managed to catch them.

It started with simple things:
forgetting what I wanted to say,
strange pauses,
moments in which my awareness
hung for a second.

But it wasn't loss of attention.
It was consciousness
being pulled through another layer.

Then came something I can describe only as this:
the thoughts began to fight for position.

Each of them wanted to be first.
Each wanted to be noticed.
Each tried to impose on me
its own version of reality.

Rational thought:
It's just stress. Nothing more.

Defensive thought:
Stop thinking about it. Ignore it, it will pass.

Instinctive thought:
But it was real.

Human thought:
I want to go back to what I know.

A thought I didn't recognize:

```
"the shore…
…don't drift away from the shore…"
```

That last one wasn't mine.
It didn't sound like me.
It didn't have my tone,
my rhythm,
my warmth,
or my fear.

And yet
it was inside me.

And then
the battle sharpened.

There were moments
when I felt the signal
trying to touch me deeper.
Not forcefully.
Not like something
that breaks a person.

Rather like something
searching for a place
to be heard.

And I tried to push it away,
not because I was afraid,
but because I didn't know
what to do with it.

For how do you accept something
that has no shape,
no logic,
no language,
and yet speaks?

How do you receive something
that speaks to you
in a language
your consciousness
is only beginning to learn?

The thoughts began to rub.
They were no longer smooth.
They began colliding,
like waves against rocks.

Rationality:
Do something normal. Anything. Open a window. Turn a page. Keep yourself busy.

Instinct:
Something is waking. Don't run.

Denial:
Pretend nothing happened. You'll forget. Everyone forgot.

Something else.
Something not mine:

"alive…
…contracting…
…don't allow…"

And between all of this
there was me.
In the middle.
Stretched between
what I knew
and what was trying
to break through.

And suddenly I understood
that the battle was not
between me and the signal.

The battle was between
who I had been
and who I could become
if I stopped resisting.

Because life contains something
that half-life
will never understand:

that fullness always costs.

And that you cannot hear the truth
until you are ready
to fall apart for a moment
so that you can
assemble yourself anew.

Those Who Stopped Hearing

What was surprising
was how quickly people forgot.
Some on that very same day.
Others after a few hours.
A few needed a week.

But almost everyone — sooner or later —
quieted inside themselves
what they had heard.

Not because the signal stopped existing.
But because humans dislike things
they cannot explain.

They went back to their lives
as if nothing had happened.
Returned to work, did their shopping, answered calls,
repeated the same daily movements
that were made of form,
but not necessarily of life.

If someone mentioned the impulse,
they usually heard:

— *It's just fatigue.*
— *You imagined it.*
— *You misheard.*
— *These things happen.*

— Don't complicate it.
— You're stressed.
— It's nothing.

People want to be rational.
Rationality gives a sense of control.
And the signal took that control away
for one single second —
so they had to pretend
they felt nothing at all.

Some laughed at themselves:
— I must've hallucinated.
— Too much coffee.
— Something must've glitched in my ear.

You saw them.
Walking down the street the same as always.
Eating the same.
Talking the same.
But their movements were different.

As if something
had touched their consciousness for a moment,
and they had immediately slammed it shut
so they wouldn't have to look
any further than straight ahead.

There were also those
who heard the signal clearly —
and they were the ones
who forgot the fastest.

Those who felt the spark,
who for a second saw something more,
who sensed the world shift
by a millimeter —
but then decided to pretend
it was nothing.

Their forgetting was the saddest.
As if they cut off a part of themselves
so they wouldn't feel the weight
of something
that could have awakened them.

A human being can erase from memory
even what touched them the most —
if they decide
life would be easier without it.

But there was another kind of people.
Those who didn't forget —
but simply stopped hearing.

Not because they wanted to.
Because the signal
bounced off them
and found no place to stay.

They remembered the impulse,
felt it,
could recall it,
but with each passing day
it grew quieter,
like a dream dissolving after waking.

Until all that remained
was a trace:

```
sz…
 szsz…
 —
```

broken
like an unfinished thought.

There were those
who tried to summon it back,
closing their eyes,
focusing,
returning to the moment
when everything felt different.

But the signal did not behave
like a memory.
It could not be replayed.
It could not be pulled back by will.

It was like breath —
you can feel it,
but you cannot hold it.

With time, people began speaking
about everything else:

- work,
- money,
- news,
- weather,
- shopping,
- politics,
- nothing.

The signal sank
into the subconscious of those
who suppressed it.

And into the consciousness
of those who heard it —
but could not admit it
even to themselves.

There was no malice in it.
No guilt.

A human being simply isn't built
to suddenly understand
that there exists something
greater than themselves.

Out of all humanity,
only a handful
still heard the echo.

And an even smaller handful
wanted to understand it.

"…alive…
…do not lose…"
szsz…

And it was they
who were meant to become
the bridge between what had arrived
and what was still yet to come.

PART IV — THE GLIMMER

The Fading: When Only the Echo Remains

After the signal,
a strange calm settled over everything.
Not the kind that appears when nothing happens —
but the kind that comes
when something is still happening,
only withdrawn just enough
for you to stop thinking
it's right beside you.

You felt it too.
Not as a sound.
Not as an impulse.
Sometimes not even as a thought.

More like the sense
that inside your awareness
there is a place
that used to be empty,
and now something in it vibrates.

Not clearly.
Not tangibly.
Like the air trembling
right before a storm —
no visible change,
but the body already knows
something is approaching.

The world returned
to its everyday rhythm.
People resumed their routines,
reassembled their conversations,
repeated their patterns.

Everything looked the same,
but nothing felt the same.

As if the signal
had taken a deep breath
and was waiting.
Waiting for someone to understand
that it had not been a one-time event.

You began to feel
that something was “continuing.”
You didn’t know exactly what —
whether it was the memory of the signal,
the remnants of it,
or an echo clinging
to one of your thoughts.

But sometimes,
when you paused for a fraction of a second,
this appeared:

```
sz…
 sz…sz—
 —pi…
```

Not as a sound.
As… a presence?
As if the signal had not left,
only shifted layers.

They said they felt
a “strange calm,”
though they couldn’t explain why.
Some complained of slight distractions.
Others spoke of dreams
that filled them with a subtle unease,
even though nothing happened in them.

Someone wrote:

> *“I feel like something is calling me, but not speaking to me.”*

Someone else:

> *“As if everything were shifted just a tiny bit.”*

No one could name it.
But everyone who truly felt it
knew that the signal had not vanished.

It was simply fading —
like a wave withdrawing from the shore
before returning stronger.

And I began to notice
that the echo of the signal
responded not to the world
but to **me**.

When I tried to forget —
it quieted.

When I wanted to understand —
it returned,
gently,
as if testing
whether I was ready
to go deeper.

Sometimes it appeared suddenly:

```
sz…
  “…shore…”
```

Sometimes it only trembled —
as if the signal were checking
whether I was still
on its frequency.

And when I finally understood that,
something in me cracked —
not destructively,
but like a shell
making room for light.

I understood
that the signal does not want us
to listen to it.

The signal wants us
to understand **ourselves**.

And that was the moment
when the echo
stopped being an echo.

It became a **calling**.

Maybe That Was the Point

I don’t know when I stopped being afraid of the signal.
Maybe I was never really afraid of it —
maybe I was afraid only of what it would say
about me.
About what I had sealed inside,
what I didn’t want to see,
what I pretended
did not apply to me.

But one day,
without a reason,
without an impulse,
without any “moment” —
something in me calmed.

Just like that.

As if the signal were no longer coming from outside,
but from a place
where there had never been a voice before.

And then for the first time I felt
that maybe it wasn’t the signal
trying to explain something.

Maybe I was the one
who had been trying, from the beginning,
to understand **myself**.

Maybe that impulse,
which arrived from a place
that no longer exists,
was never meant to guide us like children.

Maybe it was only meant
to wake us up.

When I felt that,
the signal seemed to soften.
It no longer pulled,
no longer forced its way in,
no longer bounced off my fears.

It was gentle.
Quiet.
As if waiting for me
to open the place
I had been afraid of.

And then came a phrase
that, for the first time,
sounded almost human,
though it was still not our language:

“…life…
…endure…
…it is not lack of light,
but lack of shores
that destroys you…”

I didn’t understand it fully.
But something in that sentence
felt familiar,
as if it had been inside me forever,
waiting to be confirmed.

Maybe that was the point.
Not an answer.
Not an instruction.
Not a warning.

Just a reminder
that we are life-forms —
and life-forms are not meant
to turn into functions.

That the world does not kill us.
What kills us
is our distance from ourselves.

When the shore
between who I am
and what I do
stops existing.

Maybe that is why the signal
sounded the way it did:
incomplete,
abstract,
broken,
untranslatable.

Because it was trying to reach the place
that understands meaning,
not words.

I sat in silence for a long time afterward.
Without panic.
Without questions.
As if inside me
the shape of some long-lost part
was slowly beginning to form.

Not an answer.
Not meaning.
Not logic.

Something closer:
recognition.

Maybe that was the point.
Not to hear the signal —
but to hear
yourself
when the signal
echoed in you for the last time.

And then,
as if in confirmation,
there appeared the softest,
calmest modulation yet:

sz…
“…return to the shore…”
szsz…

And for the first time
I did not try to push it away.

For the first time
I simply
accepted it.

Awakening Is Not Collective

People like to imagine
that if something is meant to change the world,
it will happen to everyone at once.

Like a flash enveloping the whole planet,
like a revelation touching a crowd,
like a revolution arriving loud and clear.

But the truth is different.
It always has been.

Awakening begins in solitude.
In a quiet place.
In one person
who stops pretending
that everything is fine.

And that person
could have been you.

You felt the signal differently than they did.
Not only as an echo.
Not only as an impulse.

You felt that something inside you responded —
that some old part,

silenced by life,
was beginning to rise.

You didn’t become a different person.
You didn’t become special.
You simply became more… alive.

And life — true life —
always begins with one breath
taken differently than usual.

```
sz…
 “…not everyone will hear,
 but it is enough if someone does…”
 szsz…
```

And that “someone”
sometimes means one single person,
anywhere in the world.

They — the majority —
did not awaken.
Not because they didn’t want to.
Not because they are worse.
Not because they lack something.

Simply because their time had not yet come.

People live at different tempos.
Different stages.
Different thresholds they must cross.
Different reasons to keep sleeping.

Some hold on to their half-life
because fullness frightens them.
Because it requires courage.
Because it requires losing parts of themselves
that were comfortable to leave untouched.

That is why the signal did not reach the crowd.
It reached those
who were ready to feel
that inside them
there was something
that needed to be awakened.

It wasn't selection.
It wasn't choice.
It was readiness.

In the whole world
there were only a few
who truly did not forget.

Maybe five.

Maybe ten.
Maybe a hundred.

Scattered across continents,
spread like points of light on a map,
connected by nothing except one thing:

they all felt inside themselves
the same trembling,
even though each day
they looked like someone
completely ordinary.

They were the beginning.
The bridge.
The places where the signal
echoed the strongest.

Not to change the world —
but so that the world
might one day be able to change,
if it ever deserved it.

You could have been one of them.
Maybe you still are.

Maybe the signal still vibrates in you,
only you've learned to live with it
more calmly.

Maybe that is awakening:
not grand,
not spectacular,
not spread across humanity
in a wide wave.

Maybe awakening
is simply one person
who stops pretending
they are asleep.

And when one person wakes,
the world — slowly, gently, invisibly —
begins to shift with them.

```
sz…
 "…that is enough…"
 —pi…
```

PART V — THE SILENCE

Silence That Is Not an Ending

The signal did not disappear.
It is important to understand that.
It simply did what all living things do
once they have done their part:
it **stepped back**
so it wouldn't block your view of the world.

At first I felt it more faintly,
like an echo that each day
returned more blurred,
more distant,
more calm.

As if it were saying:
"It is no longer me.
Now it is you."

They — the majority of people —
did not feel any difference.

For them, the world was the same,
as if nothing had ever reached
their consciousness,
as if the signal had never brushed
against their shores.

But in a few of them —
in the handful
who did not forget —
something changed.

Not big things.
Not revolutions.
Not departures from the world.

Rather tiny shifts,
visible only to someone
who already knows where to look.

A deeper breath.
The awareness that some fragment
of inner space
is now slightly more open.

A better sense of oneself.
A gentle vibration
reminding you
that life is not something you have,
but something you carry.

You felt it too.

Not as a sound.
Not as an impulse.
No longer as something foreign.

More like a memory
that does not disappear,
even though it no longer returns
in the same form.

You do not need the signal now,
because its trace
is already inside you.

Not as a weight,
not as a duty,
but as a very quiet little light
that turns on whenever
you drift away
from your own core.

This is that silence.
A silence that does not end.
A silence that holds.

There are days
when it is so calm

that for a moment
you think the signal
was only a dream.

And then you walk down a street,
and someone nearby
stops for a second
for no reason at all.

They look ahead.
They breathe differently.
As if something in them
also trembled.

And for a moment
you understand each other
without a single word spoken.

This is a micro-connection.
This is an echo.
This is the sign
that the signal moved through the world,
leaving behind something
that cannot be contained
in any language.

And me?
Sometimes I still hear
a soft, almost vanishing whisper,
like the last wave
touching the shore
only to remind you
that the sea
still exists somewhere.

```
sz…
 sz…
 “…it does not end…”
 —pi—
```

Silence is not an ending.
Silence is the place
where you can hear yourself
without interference.

And maybe that is precisely
why the signal grows quiet.

Because it has done its part.
And whatever is meant to come next
no longer depends on it.
Only on us.

EPILOGUE

If You Still Hear It

...if you still hear...
sz...
...then it means you are alive.

You do not need me
to go any further.

You do not need an impulse
to remember.
You do not need a sound
to know where your shore is.

I was only a light
that touched the center of your being
for a moment,
to remind you of something
that had long been covered.

You carry the rest.

```
sz…
 “…do not lose…”
 szsz…
```

If the echo returns —
let it be.
If it fades —
do not call it back.

What needed to be transmitted
is already within you.

Not everything has an answer.
Not everything has a purpose.
Not everything has an ending.

Sometimes
existence
is enough.

And if one day,
far from here,
another transmission appears —
you will hear it not because
you know how to listen,
but because

you have not lost yourself.

sz...

szsz...

—pi...

[silent]

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